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# YOUR MOTHER AND MINE

NELLIE M. FALL



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# Your Mother and Mine

Through the Maze of  
Pride, Lust, Labor, Color and Creed

By *NELLIE M. FALL*



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To  
Your Mother and Mine





DIFFICULT task to say anything new  
Of worth of your Mother and mine,  
So much has been written ennobling  
and true,

All priceless gems, precious each line;  
And everyone knows of the patience so rare,  
The Love tireless, tender and pure,  
The courage unfalt'ring, the kind, watchful care  
That ever dare all to endure.

When life seems a failure and friends all forget,  
When fierce battles long and hard-fought  
Have won only scars and defeat and regret,—  
Unheralded spoils dearly bought,  
With Faith firm and fearless she guides to the  
goal,—

The struggling heart's long-cherished shrine,  
Sustained by a Trust that's the Song in the Soul  
Supreme of your Mother and mine.





OWE'ER much we wander and far we  
may roam,

Not often will she e'er resign  
Her place at the helm of the good, old  
ship "Home"

When e'en all things seem to combine  
To make a rough voyage; and through trials sore  
Still confident, constant, serene,

She stays at her post ever willing the more  
On His gentle guidance to lean  
Who e'er rewards waiting with rightful increase  
Of sustenance, shelter and rest,


And pilots her bark to the Harbor of Peace  
Where Love's patient labors are blest.

But dark clouds of sense sometimes tend to  
Obscure

The realm of the Real and fine,  
And blinded thereby we are not always sure  
That One is your Mother and mine.





‘ ID splendor and ease in rich raiment  
adorned,  
Exclusive and proud and unkind,  
She lives in dull dreams where the lowly  
are scorned

Of those vain and selfishly blind,  
Till heartless convention would kill with con-  
tempt

The gifts solely worthy to live,  
And founts of affection scarce feebly attempt  
In living streams longer to give.

But gently descending the pure, Royal Rays  
Displace mortal counterfeit weak

With beauty of holiness, garments of praise,  
With pride humbly chastened and meek;

And 'neath the mere semblance of feature unfold  
The face noble, sweet and benign

Reflecting the Love and the kindness untold  
Replete in your Mother and mine.





LIKE one long ago by the Pharisees  
found,  
Rejected, despised and forlorn,  
Again comes the Magdalene hard and sin-  
bound;

And prone to malign and to scorn  
As ancient accusers so stainless and pure,  
We also wait ready to stone.  
But Wisdom would all our self-righteousness cure  
With Love's wholesome weapons alone:  
In earth's sordid turmoil of trouble and care  
If only we touch the mere Hem  
Of the Robe without seam, and the healing we  
share  
No man will another condemn,  
But each will discern with eye single and keen  
The Light kindly, pure and divine  
Revealing not wanton spurned, loathsome and  
mean,  
But clearly your Mother and mine.





HE pathways of Service, the great gift  
of God,

Throughout countless ages reveal  
The prints of feet bleeding—with rare  
beauty shod—

Of those wisely zealous to heal;  
To learn in the routine dull, irksome and sad  
To work ever joyfully do,  
And hungry hearts weary with waiting make  
glad

With real Hope kindled anew;—  
To sift in the seeking the chaff from the wheat,  
The great Purpose rightly to serve,  
Where selfless endeavors alone do not cheat,  
Inclined ne'er to falter nor swerve;—  
For this all would bring grateful homage to her—  
Sincere gentlewoman divine,  
Well knowing that Love will due honor confer  
Worth while on your Mother and mine.





THE Freedom long sung of a kind, loyal  
race

Will more strong and truthful theme  
bear

When methods of Justice found wanting give  
place

To those honest, helpful and fair;

When barriers of color no longer dispute

The rights that are truly God-giv'n,

And worthy aspirants of splendid repute

Receive as they nobly have striv'n;

When aim for equality merely with man

Shall mortal no longer inspire,

But rather for measure with one of God's plan,—

A mark surely freer and high'r.

And blessed the Love that impartial has shown

In model of every design—

Whate'er caste or color—the true type and tone

Complete in your Mother and mine.







ENSNARED in the meshes of dogma  
and creeds,

Mankind's dire and deadliest foe,  
Whose leaders and cruel laws ever must  
needs

But little of comfort bestow,  
She dares to exalt and devoutly revere  
A mortal god, frail and unkind;  
But lost in the maelstrom of mesmeric fear  
The seekers of Truth will e'er find  
Man's heritage real with God's stamp and Seal:  
The Word-cure for all human ill,  
A right understanding our small sects to heal  
And each fearful, trembling heart fill  
With perfect assurance of vict'ry o'er death,—  
That Love's precious promise divine  
Crowns Faith with fulfillment of all that He  
saith  
Of Life for your Mother and mine.





HE Likeness of Love naught can dim or  
defile,

With Holiness, Beauty and Grace  
'Twill ever redeem with true Color and  
Style,

And sensuous model efface,  
Till concept of clay cannot cheat and defraud  
The Good Work so wondrously wrought,  
And noble ideals reflected from God  
Inspire every action and thought;  
Till clean and unfettered by aught from within,  
Or cheap outward mortal display  
Of vanity, servitude, bondage or sin  
That strive over man to hold away,  
Like Jesus, the Master, in all we shall see  
The One perfect Image Divine,  
Complete, universal, pure, glorified, free,—  
Your Mother Immortal and mine.







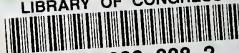








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